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LITTLE FOLKS

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LITTLE FOLKS

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CHARLES STUART PRATT AND ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

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A LUNCHEON.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. III. JUNE, 1900. NO. 8.

TEDDY MILLER'S HERO.

MRS. MILLER was sewing busily on her boy Teddy's blouse, when there came a bang and a thump on the other side of the door.

"Oh, dear," she said, dropping her work, "I wonder what Teddy Miller is doing now!"

She opened the door and there stood Teddy with his arms clasped tight around one of the dirtiest dogs you can imagine, Besides being so dirty that Mrs. Miller could not tell his color. his hair was full of burdocks, stick-tights and all sorts of those funny seeds that watch their chance to catch into the clothes of a boy, or the hair of a dog.

"Teddy Miller," cried she, "where did you get that dirty, dirty dog? Put him down at once and scare him out of the yard! and just look at your blouse that you put on clean not more than an hour ago!"

"Oh, yes, Mama, and oh, no, Mama," said Teddy all in one breath. "The dirt will come off, and somebody has throwed away this nice little dog, and I found him. Please may I keep him? please, may I?"

Now Mama Miller was very much afraid of dogs and was about to say "No!" when Papa Miller happened to come round the corner of the house.

Teddy turned to him.

"Oh, Papa, when you was a little boy didn't you ever find a nice dog that somebody had throwed away, and didn't your Mama let you keep him? If you did, please tell my Mama to let me keep this lovely dog that I just found down in Dawson's

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lane. I want to name him Hero, and he'll make a splendid watch-dog. Just see how he watches you and Mama!"

Papa looked at the pleading face of Teddy and the frightened face of the dog, and gave a nod to Mama.

"Let him keep him," he said. "I'll wash him and see what

HERO PLUNGED IN AND BROUGHT THE KITTEN OUT.

kind of a dog he is. He may be a nice breed and he will be a good playfellow for Teddy."

Papa scrubbed the poor dog clean, and Teddy picked all the burrs from his hair. But after all the brushing and washing, Papa had to say that he was a very common kind of a dog. Some accident had happened to his tail, and when he wagged it—which he did every minute as soon as he found he was with friends—the end hung down in a sorry sort of fashion as if begging pardon for being a tail and belonging to so poor a kind of dog.

Teddy loved the dog in spite of his homely looks and his broken tail, and was sure no dog could be more brave or clever than his Hero. His playmates, however, took delight in making fun of the dog and his name.

"Oh, ho, Teddy Miller!" Charley Troup would call out. "Has your Hero found a lost traveler yet and brought him home on his back?"

"No, he hasn't had time to hunt for lost folks," perhaps Jimmy Bowers would chime in, "He's so busy keeping off the burglars he hasn't time. Say, Teddy, how many burglars did Hero catch last night?"

When the boys teased him too hard Teddy would take Hero and go down to Shallow Brook, where they both found plenty of amusement—the boy in throwing sticks into the water, and the dog in bringing them out.

Just below the schoolhouse where Teddy went to school a wide stream ran across the road, and it was a favorite sport of the children to drop sticks into the water from one side of the arched bridge and then run to the other side to see them come through.

One day Mollie Hanson who lived near the schoolhouse came over to the bridge at noon-time bringing her little gray kitten. Fred Carter, one of the older boys, caught the kitten away from Mollie, ran to the edge of the bridge and held it over the water, saying he was going to drop it in and see it come out the other side. Of course he did not mean to do anything so cruel, only to tease Mollie, but the kitten, in its efforts to get away, squirmed out of his hand and fell into the water.

The children screamed and ran to the other side of the bridge and soon saw the kitten come through the arch paddling with its little paws and trying to swim. Johnny Baker's big dog, Tiger, ran down to the water and jumped about and barked as loud as he could, as if he thought it was a piece of fun made for his benefit. Teddy Miller and Hero had come on the bridge just as Fred dropped the kitten. Calling to Hero, Teddy ran down to the water below the bridge.

"Go fetch it! go fetch it, Hero!" he cried, "Oh, please go, Hero!" The little dog plunged into the swift rushing water, swam to the kitten, caught it by its neck, brought it out of the water and laid it at Teddy's feet. Mollie was there too. She caught up the kitten and hugged it, crying, "Oh, you dear lovely Hero, I'll never say you are a homely old dog again, and couldn't catch a snail!"

Just then the bell rang and all the children went into school

except Mollie who went home to dry her kitten and put it to sleep in a warm basket.

The next Friday was the last day of school. The older scholars read compositions and the younger ones recited pieces. Mollie Hanson was the star speaker. Her aunt chose pieces for her and as they were always something the others had not heard, the children were glad when her turn came. This

"AND HERE HE IS, THE HERO BRAVE!"

time she was near the end of the programme; but at last the teacher said,

"We will now listen to Mollie Hanson's recitation, 'The Humble Hero.'"

Mollie came up on the platform, and made her bow, and this is the piece she spoke:

In a small village there does dwell
A little boy— I know him well,
Perhaps he's known to you—
Who has a dog; its hair is red,
It has but one ear on its head,
Its tail is broken, too.

Where'er this little boy doth go,
The dog goes too, just like, you know,
Dear Mary's lamb so small;
And rude boys, yes, and rude girls too—
Although you may not think it true—
Like this to him do call:

"Say, please to tell us what's the price
You paid for that fine dog, so nice
That Hero is his name?"
"Ho, do you think he'd catch a snail?"
"I'd like the pattern of his tail!"
It really was a shame.

Now as it chanced one summer-day,
Some children wandered out to play
By a swift rushing stream;
One had a kitten in her arm,
And that 'twould come to any harm
She did not even dream.

But oh! a bad boy caught the cat,
And in the water, quick as scat,
He dropped the furry thing.
It could not swim, it sure must drown!
But at that moment, there rushed down,
And in the stream did spring,

That homely little red-haired cur;
He seized the kitten by its fur,
And brought it safe to shore
Without a scratch, without a mark,
And laid it down with joyous bark—
Could any dog do more?

And here he is— the Hero brave,
Who rushed another's life to save,
And thought not of his own!
Now, all who once at him poked fun,
Should try for their misdeed, each one,
To Hero to atone!

Just before Mollie began the last verse she stepped to the back of the platform, opened a box, and out popped Teddy Miller's little dog, with a blue ribbon on his neck from which hung a round medal with his name on it. Poor Hero was so surprised to find himself in such a place that he stood quite still until Mollie finished speaking; then catching sight of Teddy in his seat in the front row, he gave a glad little bark and ran down to him and curled up in his arms.

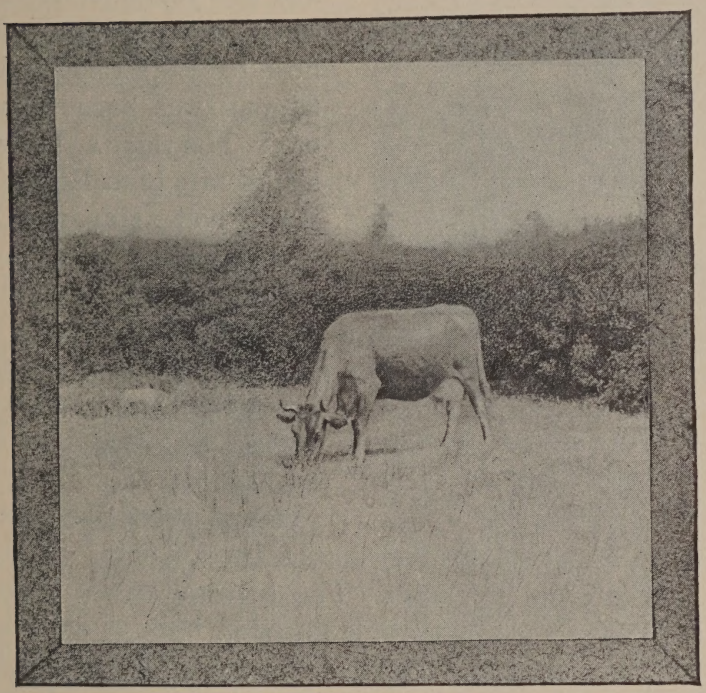
You may be sure that the children thought Mollie's piece quite the nicest she had ever recited. As for Teddy and Hero, the dog is in danger of becoming a very proud instead of a humble Hero, because of the petting he gets from the children. But Teddy only says, "I knew all the time he was a Hero!"

Elizabeth Flint Wade.

A LOST BABY.

WHAT is the matter with Bossy-cow
Standing there in the clover,
With such a sober and anxious face
Looking the big field over?

But a moment ago this Bossy-cow
Fast as she could was feeding,
Her cream-white head deep down in the grass,
Naught but her feast a-heeding.



FEEDING DEEP IN THE CLOVER.

There's a mother-look in her great brown eyes,
Like one who misses her baby
That played so happily by her side
And has strayed away it may be.

Ah! now she has seen a little pink nose
Through the clover blooms a-peeping—
I fancy, almost, that Bossy-cow smiles
Watching her baby sleeping!

H. J. Davis.

THE STORY OF "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY IN HIS YOUTH.

(*From an old painting.*)

MORE than a hundred and twenty years ago, and two years before the close of the Revolutionary War, a little baby, destined to become famous, was born near Frederick, Maryland. He was the son of Mr. John Ross Key and Ann Phœbe Key, and he was named "Francis Scott"—Francis Scott Key. But although the little boy was born in war-times, there was no fighting about the lovely country home where his first years were spent.

Some of the oldest people in Frederick remember the Key place, "Terra Rubra" (Red Earth), as it looked in its best days. The plantation was a fine one, and the house was a handsome mansion, built of red brick, with piazzas all around it. Beyond, there were beautiful lawns and gardens, with the stables, out-buildings and servants' houses that were always to be seen by the dozen about such a place.

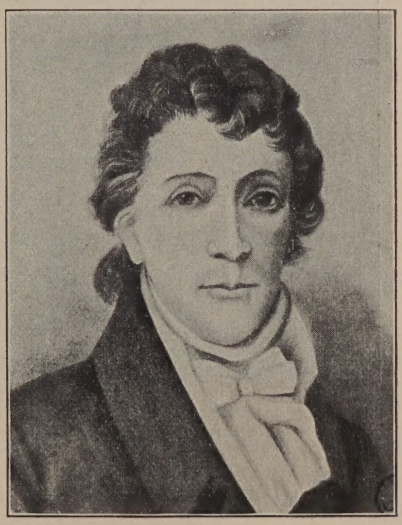
Little "Frank" Key had a happy childhood, spent in playing about this pleasant home, riding the horses (attended by a colored groom who rode at a little distance behind him), and fishing in Pipe Creek. We are told that he was a beautiful child, with dark blue eyes and dark curly hair. If he was dressed, like little George Washington Custis of Mount Vernon who lived at about the same time, in knee-breeches and gay little silk and velvet coats, with his curls flowing about his shoulders, he truly must have been a very pretty boy. It was shortly after this that the fashions changed for men and boys, and little

fellows of six or seven were dressed in long trousers, with absurd little short coats, and frills around their necks.

Francis' best companion and playmate was his only sister, "Ann Phœbe." She was a dear little girl, sweet and pretty and winning, and she and her brother were very, very fond of each other. The best of his boyish poems—for he had "composed" a good deal of verse by the time he was ten or twelve—were written about Ann Phœbe.

When Francis was ten he was sent to school at St. John's College in the ancient town of Annapolis. This school had been been called "King William's" in the days when Maryland was an English colony. George Washington's adopted son, the young Custis, was educated there.

After leaving college, Francis studied law in a judge's office in Annapolis. The town was noted for its clever lawyers, and the court-room must have been a fine sight with its grave circle of judges in scarlet cloaks, sitting in arm-chairs on a raised platform.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.
(*From portrait, photographed by Kreh*)

The history of Francis's life as a lawyer of the Supreme Court would make rather dull reading for children; but there is nothing dull about the story of the September night in 1814 which was probably the most exciting that young Key ever knew—the night which gave us our national song, "The Star-spangled Banner."

America was again at war with England. On this particular night, the British were planning to attack Baltimore. This city is on the Patapsco River, near its mouth, and not far from it is a fort called McHenry. This fort was the chief defence of Baltimore.

Now, the British had already tried to take the city by land,

and failed. This time they were going to attack it by water.

In the middle of the night the gun-boats crept silently up, and the defenders of the fort first knew of their approach when a terrible storm of shells broke against the walls. A few small British boats managed to slip past the fort, up the river toward Baltimore; but the batteries on shore opened such a fire that all the boats that were not sunk or crippled were glad enough to hurry back to the big fleet; before they could reach it many of the officers and sailors were killed—the whole night was full of horror and distress!

MONUMENT TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.
(From photograph by Kreh.)

Francis Scott Key saw all this from a place which he would have left most willingly could he have done so. He was on the deck of one of the British ships lying at anchor in the bay not far from the fort.

Key, who was now a man of thirty-five, had learned that a friend of his was a prisoner on board one of the British ships, and he had gone on board the flag-ship, thinking himself protected by a flag of truce. He succeeded in making the British admiral promise to set his friend free, but was told that he himself must remain where he was for the present, as the fleet was just about to attack the fort.

There was nothing to do but make the best of it.

All that night Key walked the deck, miserable with anxiety

for the result of the battle. When he had last been able to see the fort, the flag, our own Stars and Stripes, was fluttering bravely from the battlements. If it were missing the next time he could look, it would be a sign that the British had gained the fort, and perhaps Baltimore too. Now you can understand why he was so eager to know whether "our flag was still there," and what a trial the long, long night-darkness must have been, through which he must wait without any news.

It is not easy to understand how he could have composed those glorious verses in all that excitement and distraction. But the beautiful lines of the first verse of his famous hymn did come to him, almost exactly in their present form; and he scribbled them down on the back of a letter which he had in his pocket. By morning, when he could really see, "by the dawn's early light," the old flag still waving proudly over Fort McHenry, he was ready to write the second verse—that shout of joy and triumph:

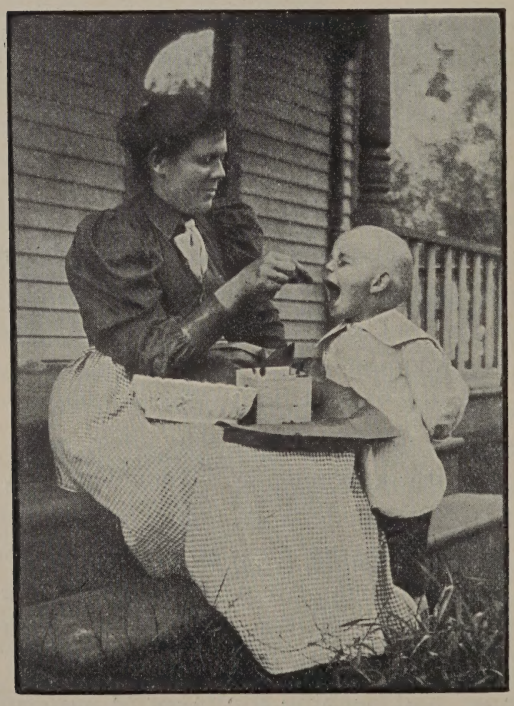
> "Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
> In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
> 'Tis the star-spangled banner: oh, long may it wave
> O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

A few hours later, Key was taken to Annapolis and set free. There he finished his verses and copied them and showed them to his brother-in-law, who was so pleased that he insisted upon having the poem printed. It was set up in type by an apprentice boy named Samuel Sands, and distributed in handbill form to all the people on the streets. That sounds very queer in this day of many newspapers and books, but that was the favorite way to publish a popular song. An actor, who was also a soldier, Charles Durang, found in a music-book a tune which seemed to suit the words exactly. In two minutes the poem had become a song. Durang went to Baltimore and there sang the new song, to the stirring air with which we are all so familiar. In a little while the Baltimore street-boys were whistling it and the ladies playing it on their harpsichords. "The Star-spangled Banner" had become the favorite national song.

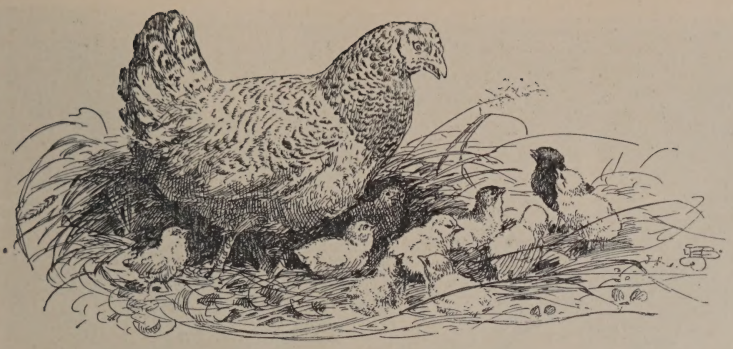
Francis Scott Key lived for many years to enjoy his fame. He died when he was sixty-four. He was buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery, in Frederick, where at first his grave was marked only by a simple stone, then afterwards by a flag-staff with an American flag. But in August two years ago, a beautiful bronze and stone monument to his memory was set up and unveiled. It shows the poet as he stood on the deck of the ship, on the morning after that terrible night, his hat in his hand, his face full of joy as he points to the flag.

Frederick has many points of national interest, but the one that is most visited by strangers is this monument that shows the eager figure of Francis Scott Key, as if about to swing his hat and cheer for the flag!

Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.



THE FIRST STRAWBERRIES.



TEN!

THE SPECKLED HEN.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The Speckled Hen cocked her head on one side and listened, listened, listened.

"*Peep! Peep! Peep!*"

The Speckled Hen ruffled up her feathers and began to cluck, not loudly, but softly, like a mother crooning a lullaby.

"*Peep! Peep! Peep!*"

Ah, she could feel something soft and warm pushing along the feathers of her breast. She doubled her clucking, and her bright eyes watched closely at the feathers beneath her wings. How excited she looked! Something surely was about to happen!

"*Peep! Peep! Peep!*

The tiny voice grew louder, nearer. The feathers beneath the wings moved, a pretty ivory bill appeared, a soft downy head, two bright eyes; and then, out popped a live little chick, the prettiest, softest, downiest, warmest little chick that ever delighted a mother-hen's eyes.

"*Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!*" The mother-heart was nearly bursting with pride and joy. The Speckled Hen stood up carefully on her feet, shook out her feathers, and looked.

And behold! Wonderful to tell! Not one, but ten dear little cunning chicks went tumbling over each other.

Everett McNeil.

OH! I WOULD STAY IN STORY-LAND!

IN STORY-LAND.

OH, I have been to Story-land!
Oh, Glory-land! Oh, Story-land!
Oh, I have been to Story-land
Where all the princes be!
There was Alice dear of the Wonderland
And Jupiter Jove of the Thunderland,
And all the gnomes of the Underland
As thick as the eye could see!

And what saw I in Story-land
In Glory-land, in Story-land?
Oh, what saw I in Story-land
Where all the princes be?
I saw Hop-o-my thumb and Beanstalk Jack,
And the Piper's Tom with his pig on his back,
And Crusoe dear with his man so black,
And his footprint there by the sea!

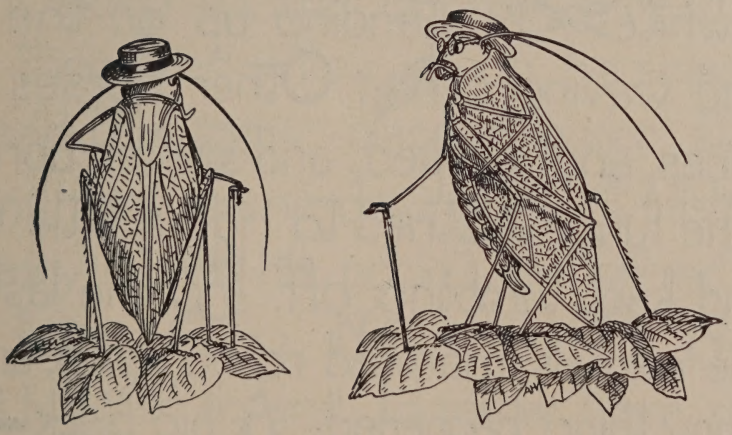
And what did I do in Story-land
In Glory-land, in Story-land—
Oh, what did I do in Story-land
Where all the princes be?

Oh, I played at ball with the Man in the Moon,
Miss Muffet's curds I ate with a spoon,
And the Cat and the Fiddle they played me a tune
With a riggety jiggety jee!

What else did I in Story-land,
In Glory-land, in Story-land?
What else did I in Story-land
Where all the princes be?
With Cinderella I sat me down
A princess gay in a golden gown;
She put on her apron, took off her crown,
And she brewed me a cup of tea!

Oh, I would stay in Story-land,
In Glory-land, in Story-land!
Oh, I would stay in Story-land
Where all the princes be!

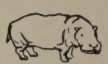
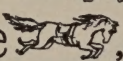
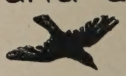
Gertrude E. Heath.

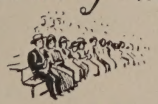


FIRST KATYDID: "KATY DID! KATY DID! KATY DID!"
SECOND KATYDID: "WELL, WELL, WELL! WHO SAID SHE DIDN'T!"

JIMMY CROW

VIII.

Such a fine circus! Jack and Bob went, but was left at home. The bought , and fed the and the . Jack put his full of nuts between the bars, and a little brown pulled his open and picked out the . Then they saw the grand parade in the big — the , the , the , the , the with , and , the  and the . Then a pretty rode a white  , standing up on the and waving a . Other horses ran races, and jumped, and walked upright. The funny tried to ride a little , and kept tumbling off. At the last, all the animals marched round again, and a funny thing happened. A big black 

came flying into the and lighted right on the 's back. He spread his , and danced up and down in time to the . The people thought he was part of the circus, and clapped their and laughed, but ran out into the ring, crying, "Oh, he's mine, he's mine! Please let me have him!" The got a and climbed up the elephant, but kept out of his reach, and everybody laughed. So he came tumbling down again, and told Jack to try it. climbed up and crept along to the elephant's head— and then Jimmy flew up on his shoulder, and the clapped louder still. When Jack came down, the fished a penny out of his pocket, and offered to buy Jimmy Crow. "No, sir!" said . "Not for a hundred dollars! I'd rather have my crow than this whole circus."

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Wrong Monkey and the Pumpkin.

THE Philibeg band went on playing just as if the Pekoe Guards and half of the Pekoe boys and girls were not waiting to find out whether the missing drum was there at the bandstand. Billy Boy had thought up a nice little speech to make when he asked the question, but when the music had only come to a "rest" and the conductor was still waving his stick, little Philly Drinkwater called out, in a high piping voice that could be heard far and near:

"Say, misters, have you got our drum? We want our drum!"

All the Pekoe girls and boys were mortified by Philly's bad manners, especially the girls, and Philly's big sister Mary Jane put her new flowered sun bonnet down over Philly's head, the crown side in front, and shut him up like a jack-in-the-box. When the tune had been really played to the end, and the leader had sat down, and the players had drawn long sighs and wiped their faces, and the people had quite done cheering them, then, Billy Boy stepped upon the stairs of the band-stand, just far enough for his head to be seen by the band.

"Gentlemen, I am Captain Billy Boy Pekoe of the Brown Guards," he said firmly and with only the least little shake in his voice. He was determined not to let his voice shake. Bee had told him to be sure not to, and he did not know that he had said it "hind side before" as he was apt to when he felt very bashful, until Bee below him on the stairs gave his leg a pinch.

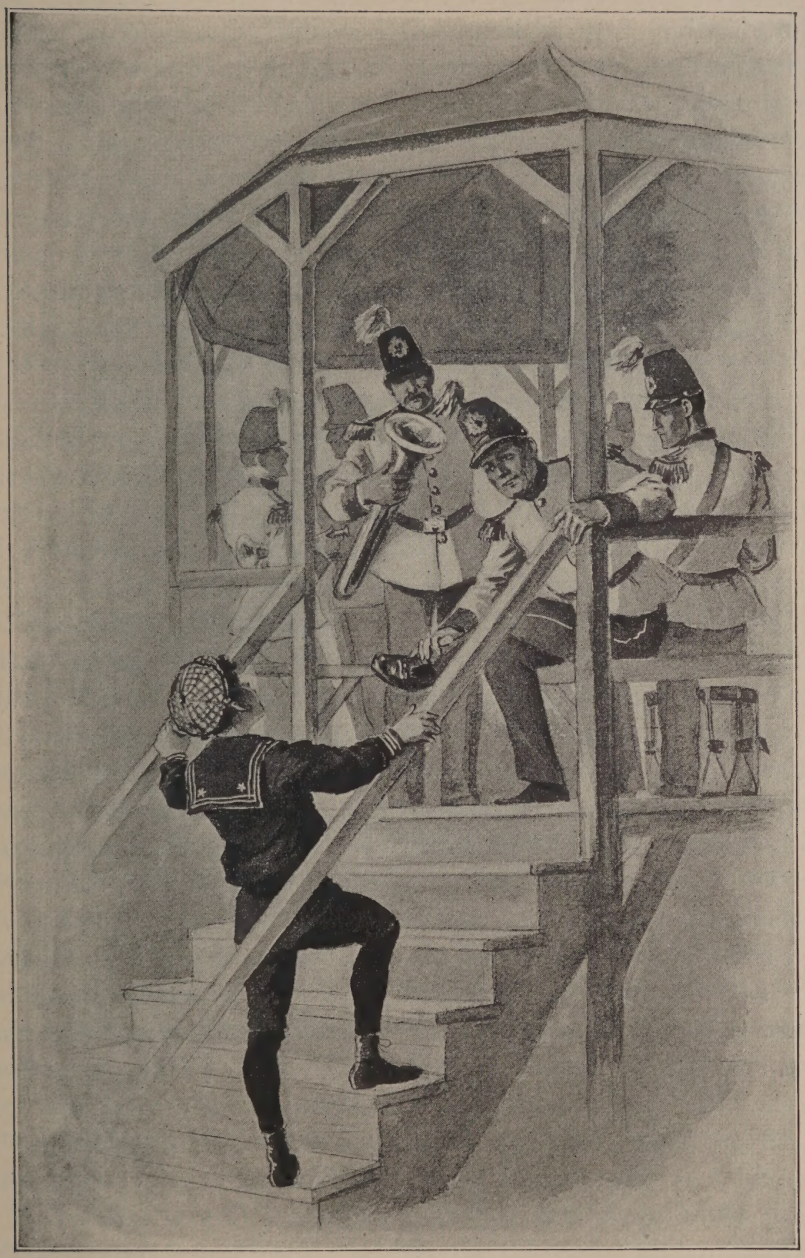
"I am Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards," said Billy Boy firmly "and–and my drum has lost its Company"—

"Lost its company? ha! ha!" cried a big voice. "And its Company was a monkey with a yellow cap, wasn't it?"

There was Pinky Jones' father laughing at them.

"I mean my Company has lost its drum," said Billy Boy, in a very dignified way.

"O, have you found the monkey with the yellow cap?" cried Bee. For Pinky Jones was with her father and she came hurrying to speak to Bee.



"I AM CAPTAIN BILLY BOY BROWN," SAID BILLY FIRMLY.

"We've only found out that he went away in a wagon!" said Pinky sadly. She looked as if she had been crying. "It was in the street in Gobang. Some one saw him run away from his master who was beating him. He climbed into the back of a farm-wagon and his master didn't see where he went. Then the farm wagon drove away and we don't know where it was going! There is no way to find out! I shall never see my dear yellow cap again!"

"You—you may have half of *him!*" said Bee generously, pointing to the monkey that was perched upon the pumpkin.

Pinky Jones' face brightened a little. "Anyway we will always be friends," she said, putting her arm around Bee's neck.

Pinky Jones' father was talking with the leader of the band, and the musicians were talking together. No one paid any attention to Billy Boy until he said again in a loud and firm voice:

"Was a drum belonging to the Pekoe Guards sent here by mistake?"

"That's it. Twasn't a joke, 'twas a mistake," said the big drummer looking pleased. The men all talked together about the mistake and wondered where their big drum was, and Billy Boy waited politely for them to get ready to tell him where the Guards' little drum was. But Philly Dickinson had escaped from Mary Jane's sun bonnet and ran up the steps of the stand with clenched fists. "Give us our drum, will you?" he shouted.

"We would, sonny," said the leader, "but we sent it back to Gobang by express."

There was a chorus of disappointment from the Guards.

"If it was marked 'For Exhibit No. 3,' of course they couldn't know that it was ours," said Billy Boy reasonably. "We shall find it at the express-office in Gobang. Or we can telephone to the office and have it sent to us."

As there was a telephone at one of the fair buildings this was done at once; and then the Pekoe girls and boys were ready to have a merry day at the fair.

They meant to see all the sights. Sometimes they were all together, sometimes they divided into groups. Peter Plummer wanted to see the huge oxen, the largest that were ever raised

in this country, and Danny Frazar longed to ride in an automobile carriage and find out what made it go. Susie Pringle wished to see the prize butter made into roses and lillies, and Viola Green cared only for the swings and flying-horses.

So it happened that some went one way and some another. And every one who remembered Orlando Pew and the great pumpkin and the monkey thought that someone else knew where he was! But the truth was that not one of the Pekoe boys or girls knew what had become of Orlando or the big pumpkin or the monkey, until they heard a very strange story.

A very tall cross-eyed young man had driven one of the automobiles off the grounds and gone nobody knew where.

That was Orlando! Bob Brown said so at once. Orlando was as honest as daylight, and would surely come back with the carriage.

They ran to the vegetable exhibit, Billy Boy and Bee and Pinky Jones, with some others who had heard the news.

There was the great pumpkin! There was no mistaking that. It was all by itself on a table. Orlando must have carried it there before he drove off in the automobile.

But where, oh where, was the monkey?

"Have we seen a monkey? Well I should think we had seen too much of him!" That was what one of the saleswomen said, sharply, in answer to Bee's question." He raced all over this table and changed the tags on all the goods, so now we don't know who owns any of them."

"That's the one!" said Bee. "He's always in mischief!"

The great pumpkin moved a little on its table, although no one touched it. It rolled from side to side. As it rolled a great hole was to be seen in its shell, and suddenly from it the monkey popped out his head!

Into the hole popped the head again and over rolled the pumpkin. Everyone was speechless with surprise.

"It seems more like something in a fairy-book than in the Philibeg fair! said Bee. "It certainly *was* a whole pumpkin!"

Sophie Swett.

(*To be continued*)

DOESN'T IT GIVE YOU A SCARE?

IF.

IF we were little enough to sail
In this pea-pod boat in the water-pail—
Ha, ha-ha! O my! O dear!
It makes me laugh it seems so queer—
This is the way we should drift and float,
And we'd look over the side of the boat,
'Way, away down to the bottom there!
Doesn't it give you a sort of scare
Just to pretend we're having a sail
In this pea-pod boat in the waterpail?

Elizabeth Hill.

WE'D SWING AND SWAY.

AND IF.

If I were an elm-tree, tall and strong,
And you were another across the street,
We'd reach our arms out straight and long
Until our hands—our leaves—would meet,
And this is the way we'd swing and sway
Up to the sky the whole long day;
And O, when a great wind blew us about,
How we would toss our arms and shout!
You and I would have glorious fun
If I were a tree and you were one!

Elizabeth Hill.

THREE BOYS AND THEIR DOGS.

II.—In Camp.

ONE summer, when I had grown to be quite a big boy, father and mother said I might take my two younger brothers camping, if I would be very careful of them and of myself, and write home at least three times a week.

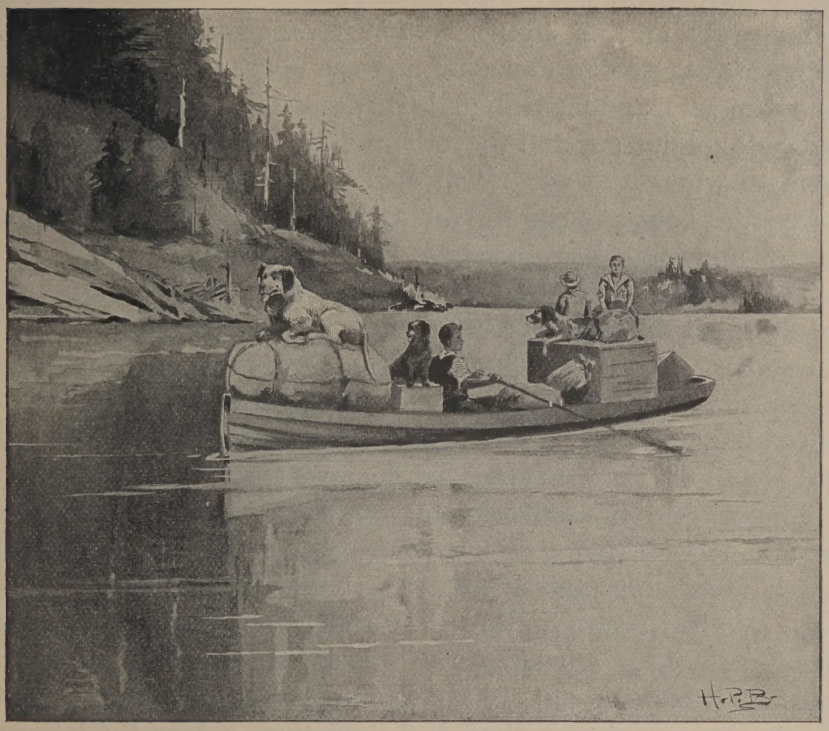
We boys were very much delighted, and made all sorts of promises about not getting drowned and not burning up the tent.

Father helped us buy and pack our outfit, and as he had been camping lots of times himself, we didn't forget many things we ought to have; and our "stuff" made a pretty big load when we got it all together.

So we started off for Mallett's Bay, an arm of the lake, about eight miles away, and one of the most beautiful camping-places in the world. Of course, our three dogs went with us—"Vickel," the pointer, "Crusoe," the little, ragged, faded spaniel, and "Don," the great, good-natured, homely, laughing dog belonging to my brother Charlie.

It was a sizzling hot day, but we three boys and the three dogs walked all the way to Mallett's Bay, getting there ahead of John Manor, who had to drive slowly with our big load. By the time he arrived with our things we had hired a boat for three weeks and gained permission to camp on one of the high wooded points jutting out into the bay.

We had a hard and puzzling time getting all our stuff into the boat, and when we finally did get it stowed away, there was just room left for one person to sit on a thwart and row. I got in to row the boat over to the point, but Rob and Charlie declared it was so terribly hot they wouldn't stay there and wait. So, as they seemed just ready to cry, I told them to climb in on top of the stuff. When they did this, of course, the three dogs had to come too, so we were loaded down to the water's edge, and must have made a funny picture. Don sat up on top of the tent and blankets, in the bow, grinning. Crusoe was hugged up against my back, on the bread-box, and every time I bent back, rowing, I would knock him almost off the box. Vickel,



WE HAD ALMOST REACHED THE POINT.

Rob and Charlie sat in the stern, on top of the big grocery chest and the sack of potatoes. It looked as if the slightest tipping of the boat would throw them into the water. We all felt that it was a ticklish voyage we had started upon, and that we must sit perfectly still if we wanted to come out of it alive.

We had almost reached the point, and were getting into shallower water, when a big, buzzing, biting fly lit on Don's side, and before he realized what he was doing, he had thrown over his big head to snap at it, and *splash!*—all the boys and dogs went into the water, except me, and if I hadn't been low down on the seat, I would have gone too.

It was a terrible scare. The boat hadn't quite tipped over, but it had taken in about a barrelful of water and was just on the point of sinking. I was so flustered I didn't know what to do, and if it hadn't been for Don, I am afraid some of the party

might have drowned. But Don seemed to realize that the blame rested on him, and that he must do what he could to set things right. So he swam around the boat (Don was a splendid swimmer), and let Rob and Charlie catch hold of him—one had hold of his ear and the other of his tail—and just towed them to where the water was shallow enough for wading. I rowed the boat as near to land as it would go, and, of course, Crusoe and Vickel swam ashore by themselves.

Then we three boys, standing up to our knees in water, got the stuff out of the boat as fast as we could. Luckily, it didn't get so very wet, either. Not until we were all drying ourselves on the rocks, with the things spread out in the sun, did we say a word about our adventure. And then we laughed, as boys will, and Don—the rascal!—waggled his jaws and laughed with us.

This was our first adventure. But, after we had got our tent set up and were living in fine shape, we had another adventure which wasn't our fault at all. The weather had been terribly hot. We had been four days in camp. During the evening of the fourth day, a tremendous black storm came up. We watched it blotting out the sunset and piling up from the west. Finally, it grew almost pitch-dark, and away out on the lake we could see what looked like a swaying black curtain, with a white fringe at the bottom—the storm driving across the water.

We got inside our tent and fastened the flap. The air was full of a low rumbling sound, besides the growling and crashing of thunder, and pretty soon we began to hear the trees lash and roar. The next moment the squall struck us with the force of a big pneumatic sledge-hammer, and over our tent went as neatly as a ten-pin!

There we were, three boys and three dogs, squirming madly under the canvas and trying to find some place to get out! The rain and hail were drumming on the tent like a shower of buckshot, and the wind was uprooting great trees and flinging them down on every side of us.

I tell you we almost suffocated before we got out from under the heavy soaked tent! And then what a time we had getting the dogs out! Poor dogs! they couldn't feel around for the

edge of the canvas, and lift it up, as we did. They could just flop around and howl and struggle, tossing the canvas into waves, and twitching it out of our hands when we tried to raise it and let them out. The tent got more and more tangled up, and it was not until the storm was almost over that we saw our faithful dog-companions emerge. I didn't know as we were ever going to lay eyes on them alive. But at last we got them released and they ran howling off into the woods. Not one of them would come into the tent again all the time we staid.

During the last two weeks of our stay several funny things happened, chiefly on account of the dogs.

Charlie gave Don his fish-line to hold one day when we were out in the boat, and a ten-pound pike got hold of it and came near pulling the big dog into the water. The line snarled in his teeth, and he howled terribly. Rob finally caught hold of the line under water, and we got the fish.

Another time the dogs got so hungry that they hunted up the lard-pail, rolled it down the bank on to the rocks, smashed off the cover, and ate the lard. We had left them in charge of the camp, and my! how sheepy they looked when we got back.

I shall never forget the fun we had in camp, that summer. We got tanned like Indians, and our appetites simply couldn't be satisfied. We caught fish by the dozen, but they were all gone by the time the next meal came around. We drank four quarts of milk a day, and swept the neighborhood clean of eggs. Finally, we just had to go home to get filled up. The poor dogs were nothing but bags of bones. They would sit around in a circle and look at us sadly while we ate. Sometimes, Crusoe would creep up and nudge Rob's arm with his nose. But there was never anything left. We meant to save something for them, but when it came to the point we couldn't. So we had to go home to prevent their starving. And when John Manor came out for the stuff, you never saw such dog-antics in your life! I really believe, if John hadn't been eighty years old, and as dried-up as a beetle-nut, Vickel and Don and Crusoe would have eaten him on the spot!

James Buckham.

I LOVED TO GO OUT AND CLIMB UP ON THE WALL.

DOLLY STORIES.

I.—Lavinia Warren.

WHEN I was a little girl Mama gave me a large doll This new dolly was very pretty; for she had round, rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes and black curly hair; of course make-believe hair, for she had a china head and a kid body.

My dolly, when Mama gave her to me, was dressed in a gown of lovely blue silk and a cunning white apron trimmed with lace, and upon her feet were some little black kid shoes, or "ankle-ties." Oh, how I loved dear pretty dolly!

I could not think of a name nice enough for my precious china baby until one Saturday afternoon, when school did not keep, Mama took me to a "show" where I saw some "little people," pretty little dwarf people. I well remember Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren—a tiny grown-up man and a tiny grown-up

woman, not much larger than good-sized dolls. On the way home, I said, "Oh, Mama, I am going to name my dolly Lavinia Warren!"

Near the house where I lived when a little girl there was a stone wall, and I loved to go out there with Lavinia in my arms, and climb up and sit on the wall, and look off at the fields of green grass, and watch the little birds hopping about in the trees, and gaze up at the broad blue sky beyond the tree-tops.

I was a very little girl, you know, and Mama often told me I was careless and forgetful; therefore I must have been naughty sometimes and not have tried to remember to "hold on tight" to anything I had in my hands.

I know you will say, "How could you have been so forgetful!" when I tell you that one day I dropped poor Lavinia Warren upon the wall, and her pretty pink face, with her blue eyes and black curly hair, was "smashed" on the stones! Oh, how I cried! I ran to Mama crying and sobbing, "Lavinia Warren's broke!"

Mama took me in her lap and said, "Don't cry my little girl! Crying won't mend Lavinia's head." And then she took me by the hand and went with me to the spot where headless Lavinia was lying. Her dear little kid arms and her little upturned feet, and her pretty face all scattered about her, caused me to cry more than ever. I shall never forget that sight!

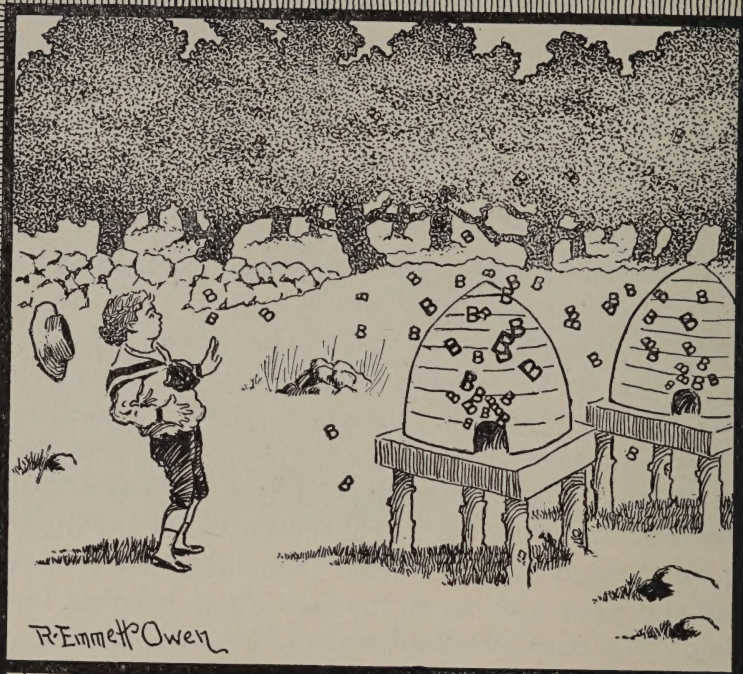
Mama bought me another dolly, but this new one had a wooden head. I was fond of her, still I never loved her as I did dear Lavinia Warren. But I have always remembered since that sad mishap, to "hold on tight." Mama said I would not forget again, and I have not.

Ray Laurance.

THE little flowers must wash their faces
And take a shower-bath today—
They're dusty little ragamuffins
Who've been out in the sun at play!

M. J. H.

THE LITTLE BEES.



When I to the orchard go
And walk among the trees
'Tis a very funny sight
To see the little bees

SUMMER VACATIONS.

A great many LITTLE FOLKS friends will soon be going away for the summer vacation. You will meet other children and make new friends. You will find many who have never seen LITTLE FOLKS; many who will be glad to become acquainted with it through you. If you take a few numbers of LITTLE FOLKS with you, you will find them very good company for the rainy days when you can not get out of doors, and they will help you to secure some subscribers among your new friends. If you wish, the publisher will send you an extra copy to show your friends, and you can save your own for binding.

During June, July and August, the publisher will give an extra prize of forty cents each, for every new order sent by a subscriber. The offer to give a complete bound volume of LITTLE FOLKS (volume 1) free for one new subscriber is still good. The postage on the volume is twenty cents. Have you had your numbers for 1899 bound? The publisher will send you a cloth cover for fifty cents, or he will bind it for you at sixty cents if you send your magazines to him. The return postage will be twenty cents.

LITTLE FOLKS has in preparation a large and interesting premium list for the fall. It will be about four times as large as before. It will also give prices at which the premiums will be sold for cash. This plan has been adopted because so many have desired to purchase the goods offered as premiums. The prices will be less than the articles are usually sold for.

In making up the premium list the publisher wishes to include a great many things which the little readers want, and will be glad to have you send a list of things you would like to find in it. You may include in your list books, toys or useful articles. Things you want yourself or that you would like to give away, or use as Christmas presents.

The publisher will be very glad to have you send the names and home address of the mothers of any little people you meet this summer.

Little Folks will be sent free for a year to any person securing two new subscribers.

All the children who enjoy "The Story of the Star Spangled Banner," in this number of LITTLE FOLKS, will also enjoy this other Star Spangled Banner story about the young grandson of Admiral Sampson, which is copied for them here from the May *Primary Education:*

"One of Admiral Sampson's married daughters, the wife of Lieutenant Roy Smith, lives in Norwich, and has a small American of her own at the public schools. The first time they sang "The Star Spangled Banner" in his room the patriotic youngster rose to his feet, and there he stood reverently and resolutely till the song was over. That's the naval rule, to stand uncovered when the great national anthem is sung or played. With a naval father and grandfather, he followed the laws of the service. It was rather an unusual proceeding, and his playmates undertook to guy the little patriot about it, but he stood his ground like a hero. The incident reached the ears of the local school board, and the order at once went out that all scholars of Norwich must stand while the national hymn is sung."

ROME, GA.

Dear Little Folks:—My auntie sends you to me every Christmas. I go to kindergarten every day, and make all kinds of pretty things, some out of paper, some out of cardboard, and some out of clay. My birthday will soon be here, and I am going to take a cake to kindergarten. It will have six candles on it, because I will be six years old. I have a big white hen named Henny-Penny. She is gentle and lets me catch her whenever I want to. After reading "Sir Robbie," I play I am a knight, too, and mother calls me

"*Sir Griffin Johnston.*"

VERSAILLES, MO.

Dear Little Folks:—I'm a little boy, and I have a brother smaller than I; we take you. My brother's name is Willie; he is at school now. I was sick and couldn't go. I'm writing on papa's type-writer; I like to write on it very much. My papa is the sheriff of Morgan county; he has abstract books. My papa has two cows and one horse; the horse's name is Dexter. I have no pets, but I have a watch. I read all your stories. *Guy Carleton Gibbs.*

SEDAN, KANSAS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eight years old. I have a little brother who will write to you soon. I like your pretty stories. The ones I like best are "The Sea Captain's Children," and "The Strange Adventures of Mazie." We have a cat, and I have two dolls. My mama sent you to my cousin, and she likes you, too! I have been wanting to write this letter for a long time. This is all I will write now. *Eleanor M. Bradley.*

(*From the Little Brother.*)

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy five years old, and go to school. The stories *I* like best are "Roggie and Reggie," "Todd Bros.," "Billy Boy Brown," "Jock and Betsey," and "Jimmy Crow." I wish you would come every week. *C. Emmett Bradley.*

CENTERVILLE, IND.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school; I am in the fifth

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LOOK FOR THE NAME "VELVET GRIP" ON EVERY LOOP.

year grade; I am the youngest in my class. I took "Babyland" until it ceased to be published. Then I took "Our Little Ones and the Nursery." And now I am taking you, "Little Folks." I have a sister, thirteen years old, who is taking "The Youth's Companion," and another sister of seven, and a brother of four. I like "The Yellow-Capped Monkey" and "The Girl at Mount Vernon" best.

Florence B. King.

ROCKVILLE, IND.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years old. This is my first winter at school. I am in the fourth grade in everything except arithmetic. I have two baby dollies; one's name is Lily, the other is Grace. I have a Chautauqua desk, and I think very much of it. I had a little garden last year, and I am going to have another one this year. My birthday will be the third of November. I have a little schoolmate named Ethel Sherrill. She and I are going to sing a song the last day of school. I like you very much. I like all your stories, but the story of "Roggie and Reggie" and "The Little White Dog" best. Mama likes for me to read the stories to her. When I first began to take you I could not read you. Papa and mama had to read to me. Now I can read all the stories in just a little while. I have a chicken named "Dumpsey," and when I take the corn and hide it and tell him to talk, he will say "Caw-caw!" I let him eat out of my hand.

Lois Goss.

SHUSHAN, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years of age. I have one little sister; while I was writing this letter she was crying for a pencil—she calls the pencil a "pency." She wanted a piece of paper to write, too. There is lots of snow up in this country, and I like to slide down hill. The snow is so deep that I cannot slide down my hill—I have to slide down the sidewalk. I like the "Roggie and Reggie" and "Jimmie Crow" stories the best.

Mary C. Douthett.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl nine years old; I read you every day, and the stories I like best are "Roggie and Reggie," and "Teddy's Grandmother," "The Sea Captain's Children," and "Dorothy's Behavior Report." My cousin takes another magazine, but I think I like my *Little Folks* best. Next year mama says I can get subscribers for *Little Folks.*

Beatrice Hasse.

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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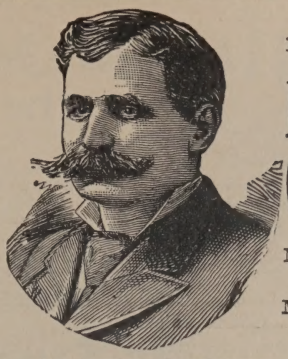

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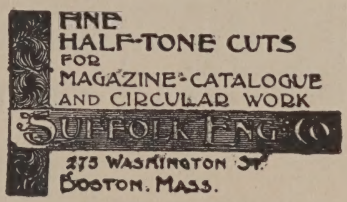

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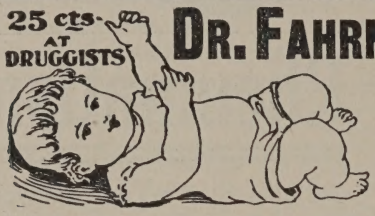

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LIVONIA, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I like your stories very much. I like "The Yellow Capped Monkey" and "Little Girl at Mount Vernon." I have three brothers. I am a little girl eight years old. We have a cat named "Teddy." It snowed all last night and is snowing now. The snow is over two foot deep so that we could not go to school.

I will try to get some subscribers for you. I take you to school and the teacher reads the stories to the children.

Ethel W. Trescott.

FRANKLIN, PA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years old last Thanksgiving, my Grandpa gave you to me when I was six. I like "Roggy and Reggy," and "The Little White Dog," and "Billy Boy Brown," best. But I like all the stories and the Letter Bag. I have two gold fish and a little white dog named "Dandy." He belongs to a neighbor but comes to call on me every day. He and I are going to have our picture taken and I hope you will put it in *Little Folks* if mama sends it.

Josephine Smith.

BENKELMAN, NEBR.

Dear Little Folks:—On pretty summer evenings papa hitches up our sorrel ponies to our two-seated carriage; then all we children scramble in and away we go over the broad level prairie which surrounds our western home, until we come to the Republican river which in the summer is dry, or almost dry. Then papa ties to a cottonwood tree and all we four children climb out and run in every direction to play in the coarse cool sand in the bed of the river, and wade in the little pools and tiny streams. We sometimes take a large-mouthed bottle and run the little minnows into it. Sometimes we dig wells which quickly fill with water. But the water is so strong of alkali that we cannot drink out of our little wells. Once in a while mama puts up our lunch and we eat our supper right in the dry bed of the river.

On our way home we pass a large prairie-dog town. The little fellows stand upon their hind feet and look at us, or run swiftly from one house to another, while the owls fly from fence-post to fence-post. Rattlesnakes, too, live in those towns.

The roads are fine out here and we take a great deal of pleasure in our evening rides. My little brother Virgil was looking at the calandar one day when he looked up and asked mama if she knew what they did on the second of February, she absent-mindedly said no. He said, "Why they grind hogs that day, because it says here—'February second, ground hog day.'"

I am a great admirer of *Little Folks* and am nine years old.

Vera West.

White Mountains.

Mt. Washington and the Drive to the Base Station. (From the Mount Pleasant House.)

MOUNT PLEASANT HOUSE

GOLF. The Mount Pleasant Golf Links is an excellent nine-hole course, directly in front of the hotel. The turf is exceedingly fine, and the natural hazards peculiarly interesting. The grounds have been greatly improved for the season of 1900.

The Bicycle Path to Crawford Notch is now in perfect form, both in grades and surface, and no wheelman should miss the delight of experiencing the novel features of this route.

The Bridle Trail to the Summit of the Rosebrook Range restores to the White Mountains the enjoyment of the old-time expeditions in the saddle through forests and ravines to lofty summits over-looking the sea of mountain peaks.

The Fine Drives being one of the leading features of the section, particular attention is given to this branch of the service, and special long-distance excursions with the big six-horse wagon are to be arranged for July guests at half the usual rates.

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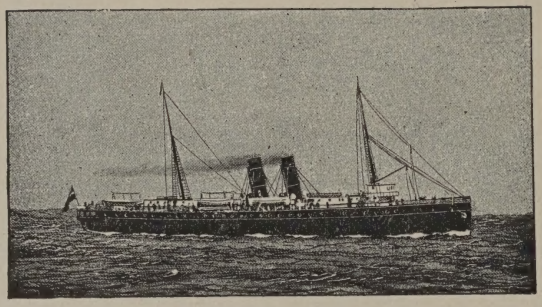

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H. F. HAMMOND, Agent.

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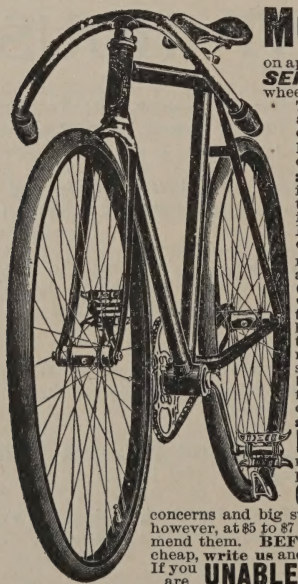

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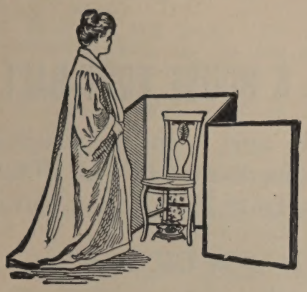

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Little Duffer will be pleased to send the picture of his dolls in their **Union Suits** if requested to do so.

MUSKEGON KNITTING MILLS, **Muskegon, Mich.**

OLD PETE AND THE GYPSIES.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" cried the children, "Old Pete has run away. We have looked everywhere for him, and he has gone. Can't you have a policeman find him?" "A policeman," laughed grandpa. "There are no policemen in the country, my dears, but I will see if I can find him."

Taking some oats in a basin he started for the pasture and called "Pete, Pete," and shook the oats, but Pete did not come.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Hull drove to the house and said, "Deacon Fred, if you want your old black horse you better send after him. I saw him near East Nassau, and there are some gypsies this side who might steal him."

Tom was sent after Old Pete, and this is what Old Pete told papa after he came back and was in his nice box stall, with plenty of straw for a bed and a nice supper of oats and hay. He did not speak the real words, but papa put his arms around Old Pete's neck and told him how glad he was to have his old playmate back again. Pete put down his beautiful head so papa could pat him, and then in the twilight told his story.

"Yesterday morning I was a very bad horse and complained because the clover in the pasture was too high and rank, the water was too cold and made my teeth ache, and I had nothing to do. I made up my mind that I would run away and see the world. So out I jumped and ran down the road at a gallop. What fun it is to be free, I thought. I can now do just as I please. The grass looked short and sweet, the water was not so cold I was sure.

After I had gone several miles I thought I would take a bite of grass, but do you know it was dusty and gritty so I could not eat it. The water I thought so nice was warm and slimy and almost made me sick. I think I feel a polly-wog now that I must have swallowed. That seemed bad enough, but I went on for a ways where some boys were playing. I loved you, and Fred and Charlie, and supposed they would love me as you boys did, but as soon as I came near they began to throw stones at me, and one of them struck me on the head, just where your hand is now."

"Poor Pete," said papa, "I will kiss it and make it all well again. Is it better? Now tell me the rest of the story."

"I ran away from them," said Pete, "and after a while I met a man driving a horse with his head checked so high he could not see where he was stepping. 'Poor horse,' I said, 'My master does not check his horses like that. Perhaps you would like to live where I did before I ran away.' Just then the man struck me a terrible blow that raised a ridge across my flank. I was never hurt so before. It was worse than the stone. I jumped out of the way before he could strike me again, and got closer to the fence to let him go by.

I began to think of home; how kindly I was treated, the fine pasture, cold water, and you boys. Something as big as an apple came up in my throat, and I wished I had not ran away to see the world.

I started for home a very sad horse, but to my dismay I found there were some gypsies in the road. You know I was always afraid of gypsies, and to meet them all alone was more than I dared to do. I waited until they went to bed, thinking that I could steal past them, but after it was dark they built a big fire, and if there is anything I am more afraid of than gypsies it is fire, and I really could not get past. How I wished I was home again in my own stall.

I wondered what my master would think, after giving me my liberty and only asking me to enjoy all he gave me. I am an old horse, I know, but I cried real tears.

The next morning I saw Mr. Hull driving along towards me. I ran up to him and said 'Good morning' to his horse. Mr. Hull said, 'Pete, what are you doing way down here?' Oh, how ashamed I was to tell him I had run away. I thought he would tell the dear ones and some one would come after me. How glad I was to see Tom coming with the halter. I just ran up to him and put my head into the halter and asked him to take his bad Old Pete home, and I would never, never run away again."

PIN REQUISITES

That it shall penetrate easily and smoothly.

That it shall not bury its head in the cloth.

That it shall not bend.

THE SOVRAN PIN

MEETS THESE REQUIREMENTS FULLY, BECAUSE:

It has a long, smooth, oval point.

It has a large, deep, convex head, and is easily withdrawn.

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The baby wrappers are just what we little folks like.

If you would like to have my picture and the picture of my dolls in their union suits, send four (4) cents in postage and I will send them to you.

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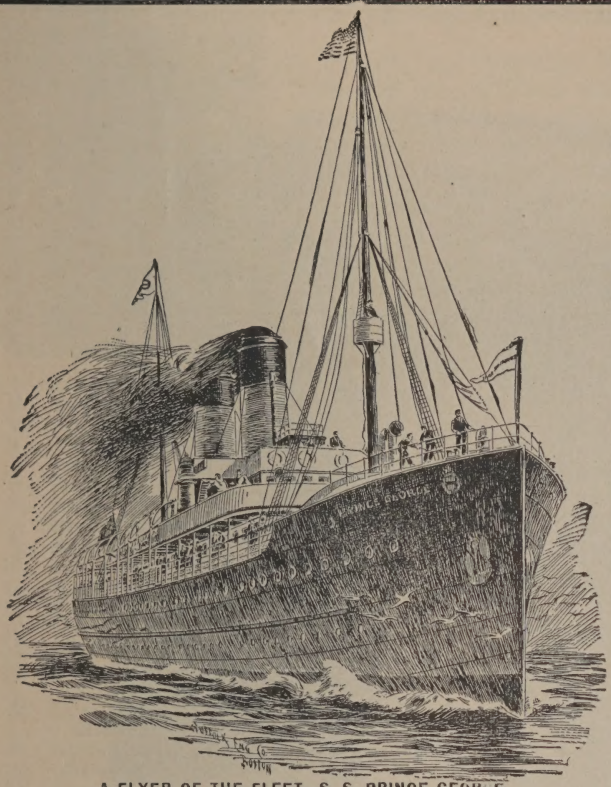

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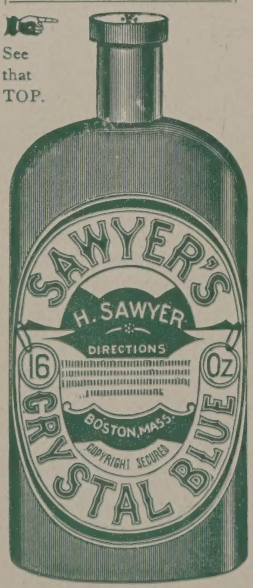

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